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Deposited April 22 1844
By A Fiot
as Prop

A8.

MISS LUCY NEALE

(A FAVORITE ETHIOPIAN SONG)

Written, Sung & Dedicated to

His friends of his own native City, Philad^a

by

JAMES SANFORD.

THE CELEBRATED NEGRO SINGER & DANCER,

Philadelphia A. FIOT, *196 Chesnut S^t*
New York W. DUBOIS, *315 Broadway.*





2
Miss Lucy she was handsome,
From de head down to de heel,
And all de niggas fell in love,
Wid my pretty Lucy Neale.
Oh! poor Lucy Neale, &c.

3
She used to go out wid us,
To pick cotton in de field,
And dar is whar I fell in love,
Wid my pretty Lucy Neale.
Oh! poor Lucy Neale, &c.

4
I asked Miss Lucy would she have me,
How glad she made me feel,
When she gave to me her heart,
My pretty Lucy Neale.
Oh! poor Lucy Neale, &c.

5
My massa he did sell me,
Because he thought I'd steal,
Which caused a separation,
Of myself and Lucy Neale.
Oh! poor Lucy Neale,
Oh! poor Lucy Neale,
If I had her in my arms,
How happy I would feel.

6
My boat it was a pine log,
Widout eder rudder or keel,
And I floated down de riber,
A crying poor Lucy Neale.
Oh! poor Lucy Neale, &c.

7
De niggas gave a ball,
Miss Lucy danced a reel,
And none dar could compare,
Wid my poor Lucy Neale.
Oh! poor Lucy Neale, &c.

8
Miss Lucy she was taken sick,
She eat too much corn meal,
The Doctor he did gib her up,
Alas! poor Lucy Neale.
Oh! poor Lucy Neale, &c.

9
One day I got a letter,
And jet black was the seal
It was de announcement ob de death
Of my poor Lucy Neale.
And oh! poor Lucy Neale,
And oh! poor Lucy Neale,
If I had her in my arms,
How glad 'twould make me feel.